

THE ALMA RECORD

BARCOCK & GROSSKOPF, Proprietors

Published Every Thursday Afternoon at Alma, Gratiot County, Michigan
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One copy, one year \$1.50
One copy, three months .50
One copy, six months .75
Outside of State, one year 2.00

ADVERTISING RATES

For advertising rates apply for schedule.
Notices of church and lodge socials and entertainments where admission is charged, regular advertising rates.
Obituary notices, 125 words free, over that, one cent per word. All obituary poetry, one cent per word.
Classified ads, one cent per word each issue, with a minimum price of 20 cents, cash in advance; stamps accepted.

The Record is entered at the postoffice at Alma, Michigan, for transmission through the mail as second class matter.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF ALMA, MICHIGAN

THE "RIGHT TO QUIT"

The great coal strike is on and the public must stand whatever inconveniences and loss it entails unless the agitators can be made to obey the law. This is no ordinary struggle but is a struggle to determine whether three or four million people are going to dictate what more than a hundred million people shall do, when they shall work, how much they shall receive and how long they shall be idle. It is a question of whether the American government or the unions of certain labor classes are stronger. It is a question of whether or not one class of laborers have a right to put all the people of the United States to great inconvenience and cause untold loss and suffering.

This is the government of the laboring man just as much as it is the government of the employer and neither has the right to interfere with the public welfare for personal interests. Russian and Bolshevik methods should never be allowed to prevail in America. While we fight among ourselves other countries are capturing the markets of the world. Our own cause is injured and our own government endangered, by such methods.

In demanding the "right to quit," members of labor unions are asking no more than is legal and proper. That right has always existed in America, unless qualified by special agreement. In many establishments it is the custom to provide in the agreement for employment that the employer or employee will give a specified notice of intention to terminate the employment, this agreement having for its purpose protection of both the employer and the employee from the embarrassments of unexpected change of relations.

Agreements of that kind are extremely desirable, because they are conducive to continuous operation of business. On the one hand, the agreement assures the employer that he need not fear unexpected interruption of his work and, on the other, it gives the employee assurance that before he is thrown out of one job he will have a reasonable opportunity to hunt for another. The two-weeks' notice, or thirty day notice is protection not only to the workman but to his family, dependent upon his weekly wage, and to his groceryman, likewise dependent.

It follows, therefore, that although the right to quit is and must always be an inalienable right in the final analysis, it is lawful and desirable for employers and employees to qualify that right by each agreeing not to act in such a manner as to cause needless loss or injury to the other. Such an agreement is no more than the express acknowledgment of what constitutes a moral obligation.

And where the entire public is interested in the employment, as in the case of public service concerns, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, the postal service, police departments, city lighting, and similar services it is not only proper but desirable that there shall be a further agreement that the employees will not quit their employment by concerted action in such a way as to cripple the service. An agreement to give two weeks' notice is of no avail in protecting the employer of large numbers of men if the purpose of that agreement can be evaded by all the employees giving notice at the same time and all quitting the employment under circumstances which make it impossible for the employer to fill their places.

In the case of ordinary employers of large numbers of men, the agreement not to quit by concerted action is individually made as a matter of wise management of business. But in the case of public service employment, the people have more at stake than the owners or managers of the business. No man can be required to take employment in a public service, except, perhaps, in a great public emergency requiring establishment of martial law, but every man who does voluntarily take such employment can and should be required to agree not to quit in concert with other employees in such a way as to endanger public health, peace and safety.

The right to quit is an individual, personal right, and, with due consideration for the public interest, should be exercised individually and personally. The right of the public to continuous operation of public utilities is a collective, public right, superior in importance to the individual right to quit. The right to quit does not carry with it the right to destroy, either by violently demolishing property or by destroying the operating organization of a public service. The man who takes a public service employment and then betrays his trust by conspiring with others to quit in a body, thus impairing the service, should be forever barred from re-employment in that service.

MASTERPIECES OF TO-DAY

Great productions in the realm of art, music or literature have usually followed a period of great national or individual emotional stress. He who writes a truly great poem, paints a truly great picture, or composes a truly great masterpiece of music must not only be master of the technique of the art which he is interested in, but must also be capable of feeling strong emotion at the time of a great individual or national crisis. The emotion revealed to the world through the masterpiece of the artist, is the quality which makes his production great, because it reveals the man behind his work making his appeal to other men.

The world has produced little of artistic worth in the last few decades which can be placed beside the masterpieces of the ages past. The wave of industrialism which has seemingly engulfed us carries with it little or emotional appeal for anyone. We have been too busy trying to make a living, to amass a fortune, to have a good time, to pay much attention to the finer feelings. Consequently they have become blunted, and much of the incentive to great artistic production has been removed from those endowed by nature with real ability along that line.

Our last great war furnished a greater fund of material which might be used by the truly great artist than has ever been known before in the history of the world. Countless deeds of true heroism and supreme sacrifice were to be seen everywhere all through the course of the war, as well as countless deeds of selfishness and greed. The war has at least revealed one thing, that the spirit of the truly heroic, is still abroad in the world. That fact leads us to hope that the truly great artist may also still be with us, the artist capable of giving to the world in the form of a great drama, an oratorio or a picture, true masterpieces of to-day.

One would naturally think that the present strikers would realize that Germany's working might hard ten hours a day or more and first thing we know they will have our markets and we will be looking for a place to sell our goods. This is the time to work not to agitate and quarrel. Germany has just changed her mode of warfare from fighting with arms and ammunition to fighting with brains and brawn to capture our industries. The sooner Americans see that the better it will be.

November is with us once more and although we must face the clouds and gloom that inevitably accompany this month, instead of reflecting these clouds and gloom in our faces we should rolling endeavor to reflect the spirit of the beautiful season which has just closed. Because Mother Nature must put on a gloomy countenance is no reason why we are obliged to do the same thing.

Have you gone out of your way to assist any one about you today? Or have you gone strictly about your own affairs entirely unconscious that there was anyone near you who might need your aid?

HIGHER THAN A DRUM MAJOR'S CHIN

The following editorial, with the above caption, recently appeared in The Commonwealth, a weekly newspaper issued by the Grand Rapids News, of which A. P. Johnson, one of Michigan's most active workers in the Government's war-time financial campaigns, is editor:

There is a town down south, a manufacturing town, where, before the war, the factory pay rolls were more than \$50,000 a week. The factories were the only reason for the existence of the town and the payroll made it. The factory workers got good wages—union scale. But everybody in the town made money except the people who earned it and were responsible for it.

BECAUSE The factories drew out the money for the payroll every Saturday morning and the bankers used to boast that it was all back in their vaults by Monday afternoon. The workers got their pay and half holiday at noon on Saturday. Then they leaped on old friend pay envelope and scattered it up and down the street. By Monday morning all that was left was a few thin dimes and a tired feeling and the merchants and others took the pay rolls back to the banks and deposited them to their credit.

The workers did not spend it all for necessities. They did not even buy what they really wanted. They just bought. Of course a grand little bunch of profiteers blossomed out along the business streets of that town and prices went HIGHER THAN A DRUM MAJOR'S CHIN because the men who earned the money never asked "How much?" They just said, "Wrap it up."

And when a worker wanted to borrow from a bank, money was always tighter than a chorus girl's shoes. He had no credit, for he spent all he made.

Then came the war, and the workers, patriotic to the core, started to buy what they really needed and put the remainder of the pay envelope into Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. THEY HAD PART OF their wages on Monday and they had it in government securities, where it was safe. They found they didn't have to borrow money to tide them over temporary difficulties. And because they didn't need to, THEY COULD BORROW. They had credit.

Right now, if YOU spend money recklessly, for what you do not need and do not really want, if you buy regardless of price, you are helping the profiteers more than all the prosecutions can hurt them. You are helping to keep up high prices; you are curtailing opportunities for more and better jobs.

But if you save and buy wisely; if you check waste and invest your savings in War Savings Stamps and Savings Certificates, where it is safe and working for you and where you can get it when you need it, you are aiding to increase production, to cut down the cost of living and to prevent the standard of living, of which we boast, from being lowered.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN

September Imports Highest in U. S. Trade History.

Washington. The Republican Publicity Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., today gave out the following statement from its Washington Headquarters:

"September imports broke all records in the history of American trade being greater than those of the previous high record month (July, 1919) by \$92,000,000. September imports totaled in value \$435,000,000, or almost one-fourth our total imports for the entire calendar year 1919, nine months of which was under protective tariff. On the other hand, the average rate of duty on all imports for the month of September last was the lowest ever recorded at our ports, being something under five and seven-tenths per cent, and realizing but \$24,724,000 in customs revenues. In the month of September, 1919, the last month under the protective tariff, we imported \$171,000,000 worth of foreign goods, which paid into the Federal Treasury of the United States nearly \$27,000,000. Had the imports for September paid the rate of duty prevailing under the protective regime our Treasury would have garnered nearly \$85,000,000 from the Federal customs houses, instead of about 30 per cent of that sum. During the first nine months of the current year we have imported \$2,697,000,000 worth of foreign products, and at the rate they are now coming in the debit side of our trade ledger will total \$4,000,000,000 for 1919, while the credit side will continue to shrink."

"With but two exceptions there has been a steady increase monthly in our imports since the first of the year, beginning with \$213,000,000 in January and ending with over twice that in September. On the other hand, exports for September decreased \$53,000,000 compared with the month preceding, and \$335,000,000 compared with the record month of June, the total for September being \$593,000,000. A balance of trade which ran \$635,000,000 in our favor last June, had dwindled to \$158,000,000 in September, the lowest figure for any month since July, 1917. These tremendous imports are already affecting our stores of metal piled up during the war, for while we are exporting largely on a credit basis, our exports of gold and silver (now freely used in exchange) exceeding our imports of those metals by \$250,000,000 for the first eight months of this year. The foreigner gets our gold and silver to pay for his goods. We get his paper and it is his intention to take up this paper with his goods. This is economically permissible to a limited extent, but under a continuing policy of free trade it would mean a fresh set of foreign goods in the American market which would overwhelm American industries."

"In fact, we see taking place at this moment, with an ever-gathering momentum, what was taking place before the war in Europe began in 1914, when, under the Democratic policy of free trade our trade balance, which had been recording a monthly average of about \$50,000,000 in our favor, turned to \$19,000,000 against us in August, when war orders from abroad once more turned the scale in our favor."

"Today there is a job for every man who will work, but radical labor is on the rampage while Europe, particularly Germany, is getting down to brass tacks, and Japan and China are multiplying their sales in the American market by three times the pre-war basis. At this rate it will not be long before the scale turns against us, and foreign competition will effect what capital is loath to employ—a lockout. Taxes, of course, can not be squeezed from bankrupt industries. Certainly the tariff remains a live issue, and as the Democratic party remains hide-bound in its opposition to the protective principle, it will remain for the Republican party, controlling Congress and the presidency, to make certain a return to the protective principle."

DEFEATED SATURDAY

Ypsi Normals Win Over Alma for First Time in Football.

For the first time since the two schools first started meeting each other on the gridiron in the great fall sport in the dim and misty past, the Ypsi Normals slipped one over the Maroon and Cream Saturday, annexing the annual battle by a score of 14 to 0, the badly crippled Alma aggregation of green men being unable to stem the tide that Coach Ryneason's veteran eleven sent in Alma's direction.

Just two touchdowns were the Teachers able to send over the final white stripe, but it was as good as a dozen in this case, as the Maroon and Cream failed in every effort to match the counters that the Green and White chalked up.

The Teachers counted the first touchdown in the first quarter, when in less than five minutes after play had started, Hansor, Ypsi quarter, wiggled over the line for the quarter. Rust booted the goal, making the count 7 to 0 for the Green and White.

From then on Alma resorted to a great extent to the forward passing game, but the aerial shots of the Maroon and Cream were failures, only three out of nineteen attempts being successful. The Pedagogues knocked them down, or else the pegs went wild. Alma had just one thought when this form of game was used to such an extent and that was to at least tie up the count and stave off the seemingly inevitable defeat, and continue the record that Alma has maintained against the Teachers for years in football. Had just a few more passes been successful there is no question, but what the score would have been tied or Alma returned a victor, but luck went the other way, and the crippled eleven, fighting to uphold the time honored record, went down to defeat, but kept on scrapping until the final whistle ended the fray, and brought the realization that Ypsi had at last turned the trick and defeated an Alma football team.

The Teachers scored their second counter in the final quarter, when Hansor counted for the second time. Rust made a good second try at goal, making the score Ypsilanti 14, Alma 0.

Marks, Walker, Richards, Milford and Mills fought their hardest, as did the balance of the team to turn defeat into victory, and were the outstanding features of the Alma play, while Hansor, Williams, Crane and Morris were the stars for the winners.

Summary:
YPSI (14) ALMA (0)
Briggett L. E. Richards
Morris L. T. F. Anderson
Conney L. G. Crittenden
Foy C. Gaffney
Miller R. G. M. Anderson
Crane R. T. Mills
Rust R. E. Tobo
Hansor Q. (Capt.) Hebert
Webb L. H. Marks
Williams F. B. Milford
Westcott R. H. W. Richard

Score by quarters:
Ypsilanti 7 0 0 7—14
Alma 0 0 0 0—0
Touchdown—Ypsilanti, Hansor 2.
Goals from touchdowns—Rust 2.
Substitutions: Alma—Miller for Crittenden, Ross for Miller, Walker for Milford, Milford for Richards, Jackson for M. Anderson, Waggoner for Gaffney. Ypsilanti—Crampton for Foy, Tomlinson for Briggett, McKnight for Westcott, Quinn for Rust, Drake for Miller, Austin for Conney. Referee—Mitchell, U. of M. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

MEET HILLSDALE

Alma College Football Eleven Will Play Second M. I. A. Game.

The Alma college football aggregation will play its second Michigan Intercollegiate football game of the season Saturday, meeting Hillsdale college and at Hillsdale and hopes for a victory over the Blue and White are regarded as slim.

The Hillsdale team has nine veterans this year, and the Blue and White team has been showing some flashes of real form in some of its games. Its offensive work proved strong enough to allow the scoring of three touchdowns against Kalamazoo college, and the class of the Albion team considering Hillsdale made a good showing in its battle with the Methodists.

The Blue and White is planning on defeating Alma, for the first time in years, and will have a big home coming for the Hillsdale Alumni on the day of the game.

Coach Wood will send a green team against Hillsdale college, which has been badly battered, and will go into this game crippled to such an extent that it is foolish to take for granted that the Maroon and Cream will have an easy time with Hillsdale, as there is certain to be a hot scrap put up by Hillsdale, which has the best opportunity in years

for a win over an Alma eleven.

It can be said for the Maroon and Cream, however, that the men will battle from start to finish, and that Hillsdale will not be allowed to take the long end of the score without earning every point that is made.

LOST BAGGAGE OF SERVICE MEN

There are at present approximately 150,000 pieces of lost baggage belonging to members of the A. E. F. on the Government docks at Hoboken, N. J. made up of 20,000 trunk lockers, 15,000 bed-rolls, 5,000 suitcases and 110,000 barrack bags which have come from overseas and remain unclaimed by their owners.

Much of this baggage is marked with name only and cannot be forwarded to the owners. In all cases a new shipping address is required. All owners of lost baggage should forward their claims and present addresses to the Lost Baggage Branch, Pier 2, Hoboken, New Jersey, with an accurate description of the missing property.

The Red Cross desires to assist each man from overseas to recover his property, as well as to help the Government to dispose of this enormous accumulation.

If any of our men from this vicinity have failed to receive their baggage, please call at Headquarters of Gratiot County Chapter, American Red Cross, Ithaca, Mich. and we will be glad to assist in any way possible.

Mina A. Harrington
Asst. Sec'y County Red Cross

COMMUNICATION

November 3, 1919.

Dear Mr. Editor:
Through the columns of your paper we desire to thank the citizens of Alma and vicinity for their sociability and liberal patronage during our residence in that city.

We regret very much to part with our many friends which we so enjoyed while there.

We will be ready and pleased to see any of our friends at our new home, 1407 Jerome St., Lansing, Mich., where we are now nicely located.

We will conduct a general practice of architecture here as in the past in Alma, where we will be at the service of our old clients, and be ready to receive any new ones.

With best wishes to the Record and all of its readers, we wish to remain as ever,
Respy's yours,
Edgar M. Wood and Family.
E. M. Wood.

Indian Gamblers.

Although the natives of India do not operate on the stock market, they have adopted a unique form of gambling for which the cotton market reports are responsible. Every day five quotations are culled from New York announcing the cotton situation. The natives looked upon this as a direct invitation to them to establish a simple but none the less absorbing form of gambling. The gambling houses simply in guessing what the five figures will amount to, and the man getting nearest to the right amount takes the stakes.

Nineveh's Pathetic Ruins.

Past Mosul the river Tigris rolls its ancient, almost legendary, waters and opposite on the left bank, the dream of antiquity continues undisturbed. There in the blazing sun or in the shimmering Persian moonlight, lie the ruins of Nineveh, the last and greatest capital of the Assyrian empire. The wall of the disappeared city still stands to a height of 50 feet and is 12 miles in circumference. Close by the bank of the river are the still imposing remains of two citadels.

The Flowing Tide.

No one, however great his genius or high his position, is all-important to the world; its work will go on with or without him. There may be ripples and disturbances in the current for a time where he stirs out of sight, but the tide will soon be flowing on as before. This truth may be painful to personal vanity, but it is comforting to every generous soul that cares more for others than for self.

Another "Origin of Dixie."

Before the Civil war the old Citizens' bank of New Orleans, having the power to issue paper money, provided quantities of bills, most of ten-dollar denomination, having the French word "Dix" on their backs. This money became popular, according to this theory, Louisiana was referred to as the land of the "Dixies." Eventually the term was broadened to include all of the southern states.

A Characterization.

She was a woman of experience at just if not of wisdom, with strong passions, but with a not ungenerous heart; outspoken from the knowledge of her "great possessions," perhaps as much as from a natural frankness; a warm friend and not a very bitter enemy; and at the bottom of it all with a certain simplicity of character, of which her love of flowers was an example.—James Payne.

Too Good for Daily Use.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.—O. W. Holmes.

A Good Cough Medicine for Children
Mrs. J. W. Phillips, Redon, Ga., phoned to J. M. Floyd, the merchant there, for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and said she had bought a bottle of it at his store recently and that it was doing her children so much good that she wanted to keep up the treatment. You will find nothing better for coughs and colds in children or for yourself. It keeps the cough loose, expectoration easy and soon frees the system from the cold.



(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

The post office at Ferndale paid only four hundred dollars a year, and because Silas Moore, its incumbent in charge, was old and poor, the position had been awarded to him by common consent. It occupied a rambling old space in the general store of the village, and his stepdaughter, Effie, an orphan, kept track of things generally. The old man was selfish and exacting, and would not appear upon duty until nearly noon. At dusk he went back home, but Effie would remain to get the bag of mail brought down the line at eight o'clock.

After the morning mail Effie would do double duty, helping as clerk in the store. She had tried to save up from this, but her stepfather would borrow from her little store, and the purpose she had in view grew dimmer as time went on.

When Effie was eighteen she told her stepfather that she felt she had done her duty by him and asked him to consent to her going to the city where she could earn fair wages.

"Don't do it, Effie," pleaded the old man. "I know this isn't the life for you, but I couldn't get along without you. Wait for one more year. At its end I shall have paid off the last five hundred dollars I owe on the old place and then I could maybe afford to hire some one to take your place. Then there's Royden to think of. Why can't you like him? He can afford to get married and—"

"Never!" flashed out Effie decisively.

Effie was thinking deeply as she heard the fast mail in the distance and went down to the depot. The train did not stop, the Ferndale mail bag being tossed out as it passed the depot. Effie watched it roll and land. She walked toward it and as the sleeper and dining car flashed by some thing out the air, hurried from one of the coach windows.

"What's that?" gasped Effie, for the object had landed directly against her cheek. She felt a sharp, stinging contact and, startled and curious, walked over to where the object had landed. At her feet lay something wrapped up in a large silk handkerchief. As she picked it up there was a metallic tinkle. From the handkerchief protruded one-half of a jeweled stick pin. It was its pointed end that had brushed her cheek. She heard approaching footsteps, made out the advancing figure of Royden and concealed the package under her cape.

"Thought I'd come and see you home, Effie," spoke Royden, and he picked up the mail bag, which was left at the post office, and as soon as they reached home Effie left her stepfather to entertain Royden, pleaded weariness and went to her room.

She drew the shades, locked the door, opened the mysterious package and signed down fairly frightened at a mass of bewildering richness. There was a diamond bracelet, a necklace of pearls, rings, charms, pins. For two or three days after that Effie was uneasy and sleepless. She watched the newspapers and made many guarded inquiries. One evening she chanced to overhear her stepfather and Royden conversing in low tones. The old man had come across the jewels. He and Royden were discussing their seizure and disposition.

That night Effie stole from the house at midnight and the next day was in the city. She had a small sum of money and installed herself in cheap quarters, depleting her savings by advertising in newspapers for "the owner of some valuables found in a silk handkerchief at Ferndale."

Effie did not find work as hoped for. Finally all her money was gone. Then came foolish days. A letter came to her. It was in reply to her advertisement. There might be a possibility of "Dale Arnold, 22 Walsingham building, being interested. Would she please call?"

Effie had eaten nothing since the day before. When she reached the office designated in the letter she was told by a stenographer that Mr. Arnold would be down a little later, and Effie sat down to wait for him, wavering and exhausted. Then she knew nothing more for many hours, to awaken in a beautifully furnished room with a kindly-faced, motherly woman bending over her solicitously.

She was the mother of Dale Arnold, who had found his strange visitor in a dead faint and had learned from a physician hastily summoned that lack of food was the cause. Discovering the jewels he surmised that a poor and honest girl had gone without the necessities of life, rather than appropriate what did not belong to her.

Later Effie knew that the jewels had been stolen from his sister. The chief, tracked by detectives and suspecting their presence on the train, had sought to cast away the evidence of his guilt.

Mrs. Arnold and her daughter became at once attracted to the simple country girl. In the sunlight of their congenial companionship Effie entered a new existence of happiness and peace, and when Dale Arnold told them that Effie must stay with them always because he had learned to love her, they could not deny to his choice of a wife whose price had been proven by her simple native honesty of purpose to be "above rubies."

PADUA DEAR TO ART LOVERS

Destruction Wrought in City by the Huns is Deplored by the Civilized World.

Dear, save to savages, is Padua, ancient, gated, arcaded. There the Bacchiglione is spanned by Roman bridges that the Paduan Livy may have walked on. There Dante's house looks on the sepulchre of Antenor of Troy, the mythical founder of the city. There Mantegna was born and Fra Filippo Lippi worked. There Donatello's bronze equestrian Gattamelata stands, proud, unmatchable, before the vast church of Saint Antonio, "Il Santo," the beloved Franciscan, one of the most genial, sympathetic, human, and popular of saints, missionary and miracle-maker, as vivid, alive, and helpful of thousands today as if he had not died nearly 600 years ago.

There is that famous university, the seat for so long of jurisprudence, medicine, of the humanities and sciences. Medieval palaces, Renaissance loggias and churches, Giotto's frescoes in the Arena—Padua is a city of art and history, unfortified save by the broken relics of its past.

Most of its then ancient monuments were destroyed by the Huns and other barbarian hordes long ago. Now it has been raised from the air by the scientific savages. The church of I Carmine and the Scuola del Carmine, with frescoes by Titian and Campagnolo, have been bombed and burned. The Renaissance front of the cathedral blown up, the sepulchre church of "the Saint" and the civic museum injured. A three nights' triumph for the new heathen invaders of Italy.

Do they get a little satisfaction for the failure of their military plans out of these violations of "the great sepulchres of great things?" What is the motive, inexplicable to civilized men, of this continuous wanton destruction of the beautiful and the venerable?

The help of St. Anthony of Padua is perhaps most often asked for the restoration of things lost. The kindly saint will be vainly invoked by Austria-Hungary and Germany when they begin to feel the need of recovering their reputations.—New York Times.

Profit From Dust.

There is a cement plant at Riverside, Cal., that was formerly the source of great annoyance to the owners of the orange groves nearby because of the clouds of cement dust that settled on the orange trees. The dust also proved injurious to the employees of the plant. Those facts and the resulting lawsuits led the owners to try to abate the nuisance by installing an apparatus called a precipitator, which precipitates the fine dust by electrical action before it leaves the exhaust stacks. The recovered dust particles were found to contain potash in the form of crystallized salts, a product that is so scarce and valuable at the present time, when no potash can reach us from Germany, that the Riverside company now devotes its entire attention to recovering the potash, and treats the cement as a by-product. The sales of potash pay the entire operating cost of the plant and a reasonable profit besides, and the cement, now produced at the rate of 7,000 barrels a day, is so much clean gain for future sales. There is no immediate market for so much cement; so most of it is stored in bulk. Thus an apparatus installed to safeguard the health of the workers and to abate a nuisance has changed the whole character of the industry and become a source of unexpected profit.—Youth's Companion.

Mysterious Happenings Puzzle.
Psychologists and students of the supernatural have been investigating a series of strange manifestations at Cheriton, near Folkestone, England. F. W. Rolfe, a local builder, had contracted to construct an underground retreat in the grounds of Enbrook Manor. He had been at work for some days when he was attacked by stones and pieces of rock, which were hurled at him by some mysterious agency. Hammers and other implements "floated" through the air towards him and his candles were extinguished by jets of sand. He was injured by the missiles, and gave up work for two days, but on resuming operations the same terrifying experiences were repeated, and he has now relinquished the work altogether. Sir Conan Doyle and Sir William Barrett, ex-president of the Society for Psychical Research, have examined the excavation and questioned the witnesses. They expressed the opinion that some intangible power had been at work.

Artificial Eyes of Cartilage.
A surgeon of the British army is experimenting with balls of cartilage for artificial eyes. When live cartilage is transplanted to the eye socket it establishes connections with blood vessels and surrounding tissues, and before long moves naturally in co-ordination with its fellow. To what extent the cartilage can be colored so as to simulate a real eye is yet to be proved, but it can at least be faced with a shell of celluloid that will appear natural.

Says McNeil Elliot: It's Easier.
Raip McMurtry, colored waiter at the Hotel McCurdy in Knoxville, received his questionnaire a few days ago. "What is it?" he asked some of his friends.

"Oh, you just have to answer those questions," he was told.

"Answer these?" shouted McMurtry, turning over the numerous pages. "Nope, I'm going to war instead. Ba-tistin' is lots easier."

The kind you ought to use, when you ought to have it, that is when you really need it. We have contracted the habit of satisfying all our customers. Our work as a business getter is of the highest quality.

Printing